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EVERY time Olive Fremstad lifts her lovely voice in song it wafts about \$2000 into her gold mesh purse; and when, by way of resting her voice and keeping that Isolde figure of hers, she turns to chopping cord-wood up in Maine, her phonograph records go right on drawing a salary for her. She is said to have invested her earnings, with true Scandinavian sagacity, in Minnesota lumber and wheat fields; but as she is her own business man, and never discusses her affairs even with her press-agent, nobody knows just what sort of millionaire she is.

TEMPERAMENTAL and extravagant as the divine Sarah is reputed to be, she has never been known to let an American dollar due her escape—in America. Having got it safely back to France—ah, that is a different matter! Many a lively tiff interrupted the progress of her recent vaudeville adventures across the United States, when, in spite of managerial opposition, she received and pocketed after each performance \$350, refusing to await the common pay-day. "Whoknows?" she declared. "The theater might burn down." Here we behold the wily lady sailing for France with \$150,000 in her stockings.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.



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MADAME CURIE, who with her husband discovered radium, takes care of her own business affairs. She has done so since her husband was killed while crossing a boulevard in Paris ten years ago. Madame Curie, it is said, bought rubber in the troublesome days of 1908-9, and realized a comfortable little fortune. She has incorporated her laboratory and its researches, and she holds a remunerative position as professor in a girls' school at Sévres.



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GUGLIELMO MARCONI has considerable to do with the clouds, but his head is not up there to the exclusion of the more pedestrian matters of life. The inventor looks like a brisk Manhattan broker. Last spring he came over to this country ostensibly to deliver some lectures; it was rumored, however, that the real reason for his visit had to do with certain mining property in Nevada. The income from his patents must be in the neighborhood of six figures annually.



JOHN SINGER SARGENT is a Yankee as well as a genius, so he made no mistakes as to his own value. Nowadays Mr. Sargent paints only kings and queens and their dauphins, but in the days when he was still painting those who had \$10,000 to expend in that manner, he specialized in millionaires—this in spite of the fact that we are told by his biographers that "he had no love for merchants and shop-keepers, and that even statesmen and senators suffered at his hands." So he is now in the millionaire class himself.

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WHEN the "Montessori Movement" came to America, hundreds of school-teachers threw down their spelling books and hurried to Rome to take a course of Montessori training; moving-picture men competed for the Montessori films; and for the first time in history an educational treatise became a "best seller." But, although dollars and crowns and francs and marks and pesetas have flowed to her from all countries, Montessori is probably the worst business man on this page. She would rather see a child "explode into writing" any day than answer a letter from her banker. She is now teaching in Barcelona, Spain, the war having broken up her Italian training classes.

Courtesy of William Morrow.

